

—

Why do you say these things Harry?

—

Harry stopped. The woman who was screaming at him didn't seem to notice. The voice was coming from INSIDE his head!

"What?"

—

You heard me. I regret what I did more than I ever regretted anything before. Please forgive me.

—

"Who are you?"

—

A memory. A memory that has lived with you since the day my soul flew from my body. Something that I can do nothing with, apart from haunting people's minds. Driving them insane. Something I do not want to do, oh Harry please understand what I'm saying.

—

"Do I know you?"

—

You do. More than anyone else. I live inside of you. I give my memory to your mind. But that's not why I'm here.

—

"You're here to drive me out of my mind. It'll be easy; I'm on the verge of insanity anyway."

—

No. I'm here to repair the damage I've already done. You have to believe me. Or you'll be driven insane just as Ron was. Just as Ginny was. Just as Draco was. Oh Harry It took me this long to find you, travelling from mind to mind. Now I have you, do not drive me away. Please.

—

"How can I trust you when all the people you mentioned were driven off the edge because of you?"

—

Not because of me. Because they didn't believe me. Because they didn't want me in them to help them. They never knew who I was. I cannot tell you how much it hurt me when the rejected my soul, my

memory to help them. Mt voice drove them insane. They didn't think I was anyone they knew. Close your eyes. Listen.

—

Harry did so. He saw Ron in a chair in his flat.

—

No. No! GET OUT! PLEASE GET OUT!

Ron, please believe me. I want you to heel. Please! Please do not drive me away life this!

GET OUT! JUST GET OUT OF MY MIND! GET OUT MY LIFE!

No! Ron! Do not do this! Please!

GET OUT! JUST GET OUT!

—

Harry's eyes snapped open.

"Ronâ€| "

—

Ron wanted me out. I didn't go, knowing he needed me. But he just didn't trust meâ€| do you see you have to trust me now?

—

"I don't know. Part of is saying I shouldn't trust you if you don't give me your name. But the other part of me is saying that if I reach inside my heart, I'll know who you are."

—

So you trust me?

—

"Yes. I do."

And so Harry sat back, listening to the voice inside him tell him about it's adventures since it's heart beat had stopped. Telling him that it would help him get on with his life. The voice, deep down, he knew was
Hermiones

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Authors note: That was my personal favourite fic I've ever written. Please don't flame it! It'll take away all my pride in itâ€|

End
file.